[Vol. 1.] THE [No. 14.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

THE SOCIAL TRUANT::::No. 1.

MR. EDITOR,

I am one of those beings who voluntarily seclude themselves, for the most part from "the busy haunts of men," and pay but little attention to "the world, its fluctuations, and its vast concerns." I sometimes read the newspapers, but it interests me but little, whether I see an account of Bonaparte's being crowned emperor, or hear of his being on the plains of Egypt, or at the battle of Austerlitz. But I do sometimes stroll from my cockloft, and lounge through the streets, and frequently amuse myself in noticing the minor "follies as they fly." I shall occasionally send you an account of my perambulations, with remarks, and if you will have the goodness to lay them before your readers, you will oblige me, and, I hope, not offend any of them.

A few evenings ago I walked the length of Essex-street, and witnessed several things which it may not be amiss to notice. The manner in which the belles and beaux walk the streets has excited my risibles, though it often occasions me very serious inconvenience. It is no unusual thing to meet ten or a dozen of these, side by side, with as imposing a front and well dressed line as a platoon of *militia*, and I am obliged to cross over the street, or at least take a very circuitous rout, in order to get by them, without breaking the *ranks*, which would probably be considered a *henious breach of politeness*. When two of these platoons meet in a narrow street, which is often the case, the wings which would otherwise come in contact, are obliged to halt while the opposite wings advance till they are enabled to pass each other without breaking off, as it seems the line must at all events be preserved.

Now I would just remark, that in most other towns where I have been, the people walk "two by two," and it is a very unusual thing for more than three to be seen walking abreast, especially when they are composed of different sexes. Should this fashion be adopted in this place, people might walk the street in the evening without being put to the inconvenience of crossing it every minute; which to persons of my disposition would be much more agreeable.

I intended to have given you a relation of one or two more whimsical affairs, but as I do not wish to take up too much room in your paper, I will defer them for the present. ZELAHAIL

From my Cockloft, April 4, 1806.

N.B. You must not expect to hear from me every week.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

ON ROMANCE.

[*Concluded.*]

On the contrary, he who was sensible that in his conduct he had far receded from the ideal picture of perfection, was taught to reform his errors, and to aspire to higher flights of excellence, in order to redeem his character.

But as, with increased civilization and learning, more legitimate notions of ethics and religion were diffused and impressed, romance gradually gave way to a kind of composition more suitable to the change of manners; and its utility then ceased. To revive it, as we have lately seen done, is to call us back to Gothic ignorance, and to all the sorceries of superstition. It is to re-establish fantastic notions of honor, in the room of the pure precepts of Christian morality; and to involve mankind a second time in barbarism and error. The effects will ever keep pace with the causes that produce them; and Europe, at this moment has perhaps to lament, that a fashionable but vitiated taste has given rise to various publications of this stamp, which sap the foundations of society as now established, and loosen principles which has been reared on a firmer basis than delusive honor.

But while we express our hostility to Romances, as applicable to the manners of Europe, we have no objection to such productions, when the scene is laid in countries far remote, and among people whose rules of action the weakest enthusiast of the civilized world would not wish to copy. When they are made the vehicles of geographical, of phisical, or moral delineations, in regard to nations of whose localities and modes of life we have but little knowledge. In this point of view, we hail Romances as auxiliaries to science, or at least as elegant amusements.

HENRY HOPEWELL.

::::::::::::::::::

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

TO MISS ANN GOOD-INTENT.

MADAM,

As your answer appeared first in the Visitant, and the respect I owe your sex, induces me to address you first, Sam. Cursory will receive attention hereafter.

Although your reply is somewhat ingenious, and some of my objections answered, yet part of them, the most essential, remain unanswered. You observe in your answer to my first objection, that, "to get a wife is the most sure way to make your fortune." This I humbly acknowledge to be a fact. No sooner is that impregnable knot tied than fortunes are made, and sometimes most wretched ones too.

As to finding a person perfect, I have not the most distant idea of it. It would be a "phenomenon" indeed! You think I am "difficult to please," or "a little old maidish." Surely you could not have guessed at anything farther from me.

You proceed next to bring scripture texts to support your answers: Let us take the same, and see which they appear most in favor of—"*Increase and multiply*," without saying one word about marrying. Again, "*He that marries does well;*" had you gone a little farther you would have completely proved my doctrine, or that which you charge me of embracing; "*but he that marries not does better.*" What! is it so? Althongh I am an advocate

for people's marrying while young, still, they ought to beware how they ascend a precipice where one mis-step may land them in endless misery ; while they remember the saying of Poor Ned.

"The matrimonial state,
The wise sincerely hate :
True happiness we find
With those who are unjoin'd :
To have a constant wife,
Is but a wretched life."

TIM. CONSIDERATION.

::::::::::::::::::

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

Since the concerns of domestic life are the peculiar province of women, they have, at least in these relations, equal privileges with man ; yet the tyranic customs of the world forbid them to make the first overtures ; and many a fine woman is obliged alone to tread the dreary path of life, the chief design of her existence unaccomplished. And in this place I must bring into view, that insignificant, inanimate, worthless animal, (I can't find words to express my contempt) an old Bachelor. Whether he be more the object of scorn than of pity, is not easy to determine : so we leave him in the arms of insensibility, which is the most congenial to his disposition.

Tim. Consideration, Ann Good-intent, (and indeed many others) seem deeply interested in a matrimonial controversey,and although I am not enlisted in their party, I am a candidate as fast as the imperceptible wheels of time are rolling away, yet it is my hearty wish, that the courage and strength of the one sex may protect the innocence and beauty of the other ; and may each virtuous female be blessed with a man worthy her love, may they render the road of life pleasant and happy to each other, and we no more have our ears polluted with the harsh discords of a Misogamist.

ADLITAM.

::::::::::::::::::

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

TO BARCA.

SIR,

With due deference to a mind so "subtilized" as Barca's, permit me to make a few remarks upon your dissertation in the last Visitant, on "Disputation ;" and here, sir, allow me to observe, that I have no desire of making proselytes ; indeed, I consider your mind steeled against argument, and so "wrapt up in self-conceit," as to be invulnerable to the joint attack even of the whole literati. You begin your *elaborate* production with a positive falshood. You have the hardihood to assert, that "*Every one thinks his own judgment superior to that of any other man.*" A base libel, unsupported by the shadow of an argument, and which only could have originated in the disordered pericranium of a mere sophistical declaimer. Your essay, sir, so abounds with incongruous expressions, declamation without argument, base insinuation, and repeated contradictions, that it will require some time to analize and review it, with that candor which you so much abuse. You will probably hear again from

HIRAX.

Washington-street, April 4th.

LITERARY AMUSEMENT.

THE DAUGHTER,

OR

A MODERN ROMANCE.

[*Continued.*]

Mordaunt, at every return to the country, scarcely perceived how the graces of his daughter had heightened since their last parting; he almost forgot he had a daughter; but she who had no other occupation but to please, and whose heart, formed for tenderness, indulged no other than filial affection, could never forget she had a father. She embraced him with the rapture of Nature. In the enjoyment of his presence she could not perceive that she rather occupied his eye, than his heart;—present, she charmed; absent she was forgotten!

Mordaunt, though a weary slave of servility, put by the embarrassing mask, when in his own helpless circle; and the despot avenged himself at home for all the contumely he received at Court.—Ah, said Clarissa, the journey, though short, fatigues him!—When she traced in his countenance a painful thought, she would feel his pulse; it beat irregular, and she enquired his complaint. Restless and discomposed, suspicious of his steward, and austere to his domestics, he sometimes paced along the room in violent gestures, murmuring, exclaiming, and dialoguing with himself. At such moments, hastening to her harpsichord, and singing with that feeling which penetrates the soul, she would attract Mordaunt near her, and wreathing her beautiful arms about his neck, would make a smile glow on his cloudy features. By such endearments she frequently delayed his visits longer than he had proposed.

The next time, Clary, I come here (he would say) I shall mark the day of my return in my Almanack.—Ah, my dear father, need we Almanacks while we count happy days? Surely the unfortunate only look into Almanacks; the innocent make one day resemble another, and to them there is no differance in time! You are hastening to court; will you return from thence happy? Is its splendour your object? Tell me, is the drawing-room as brilliant as the flower-garden? Ah! has it as many friends as we could make on this spot? No, my father! the same sun seems not to reach the court! the face of Nature is not there! True, Clary, Nature is not at St. James's, but there are Men!—Alas! replied Clarissa, man only thinks himself great when surrounded by his own works; it is the sublime aspect of creation that humiliates! He finds himself unhappy, but he has not the courage to return to Nature; for believe me, the heart which would tremble and glow in the presence of Nature, dries up and hardens in the cabinet.—You are a great philosopher, Clary! what a fortunate circumstance that you reside in the country! would Mordaunt reply, while he ordered his post-chariot to return to the metropolis.

Clarissa was an enthusiast of Nature, for Nature consoles the solitude of a hermit heart. When her father, after the resignation of his friends in power, with broken spirits, threw himself into his retreat, he was alive only to the bitter memory of the past. Every day was a terrible image of the former. His feeble life seemed only protracted by the hourly affection of his daughter.

About this time Horatio returned from India; and it was now old Mordaunt viewed the graces of Clarissa, not with the tenderness of a father, but with the eager joy of a lapidary seeking for a purchaser, who can gratify the avarice of his hopes.

Horatio was one of those who amass an Oriental fortune, of which the mere possession might redden the forehead of honesty. His crimes were only punished by Nature; for while avarice protracted his return to his native shores, she had withered his strength beneath those exotic skies which had witnessed his crimes. He returned to shiver in our temperate climate, to curse its pale suns, and to stalk a melancholy spectre in his own pleasant domains. On his native spots he bore a foreign heart; in the glare of luxury he gazed on fictitious faces, and bosoms that for him had no heart; and

found that friendship, that fruit of many a tender year, blossoms not in the winter of life. His splendour, like a tissue, hid, but not healed, his ulcered breast. No where could he escape from the man within; he had attendants to watch his slumbers, to wake him from terrific dreams and sometimes he would shriek in silence, and start in solitude:

——————————Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

MACBETH.

Horatio saw Clarissa, and made an offer of marriage to her father. A parent is the centinel of Nature; he is sometimes a domestic traitor! In one hour of pride Mordaunt cancelled the rememberance of the duties of twenty filial years. As he had never known a refusal from his daughter, he was induced to ask her consent to this union. She replied by her tears.—Clary, said he, would you soften the languid days of your old father, neglected as he is by an ungrateful faction?—Yes, were it purchased by my life!—Is your heart then another's?—No! I have YET only loved my father!—Ha! you have ever been a duteous child, and that is the reason I would have you the wife of Horatio, for you see what a husband! I believe he has a diamond mine in India! and then the private trade in the East-India ships! I have calculated, Clary!—Yes, my love, your father is grateful; he would not sacrifice you!

Clarissa had spoken truth, her father was the idol of her heart, for she had known no lover. This union was not, however, viewed by her without horror, and a little circumstance occurred which seemed to give her own melancholy picture. Among some curious experiments she had tried on flowers, she grafted ROSES on an OAK. Let us observe, cried the aimable florist, the union of the beautiful and the tender, with the severe and the great. Will not the ROSE charmingly adorn the rough and sinuous character of the OAK? and its bitter galls and stalkless berries will in the spring be embellished by the brilliant family it adopts, and the ROSES will blush in the dark umbrage of its austere boughs.—The spring returned, the buds appeared on the stems, and the ROSES opened—but what was the horror of Clarissa when she viewed them all of one sepulchral hue; EVERY ROSE WAS BLACK! The melancholy scion told the lovely moralist of the violation of Nature. Alas! sighed Clarissa, as she passed the OAK, when Horatio claimed her hand—It is here I trace my own story!

[*To be continued.*]

SELECTIONS FOR THE VISITANT.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The following Extract is taken from a Sermon "On the Joy of believing and practising the Gospel," by Rev. W. L. Brown, D.D. Principal of Marischal College and University, Aberdeen.

What joy, short of heaven itself, can equal that which results from the testimony of a pure conscience, and the confident assurance of the divine favour? What higher wish could the heart of man, panting after happiness, form, than to experience within itself, a perpetual calm, unmoved by the storms of passion, unmolested by the intemperate cravings of appetite, untouched by the stings of remorse, while it entertained the firm persuasion that the whole frame of nature was under the dominion of its decided friend? The ignorance of such a mind, with regard to the immediate causes of events, creates no anxiety; for it is under the protection of Infinite Wisdom. Its weakness occasions no fear; for it is under the direction of Omnipotence. Its disappointments produce no vexation; for it can be destitute of no real good, nor suffer any calamity which will not, in the end, contribute to the increase of its happiness!

These are joys pure and substantial, suited to the dignity of the rational nature, and independent of our *brutal part*. These can never be carried to excess, never succeeded by corroding reflection. Pleasing once, they please

and delight us forever. These neither birth, nor external events, nor the disposition of men, nor disease, nor age, can effect. They attend us in society, and forsake us not in solitude. When enemies persecute us, they inspire us with courage, and endue us with strength. When false friends abandon us, they remain. They solace adversity, and enhance and adorn prosperous circumstances. They lighten the burdens of life, and disarm death of his terrors! Compared with these, affluence is poor, grandeur is contemptible, sensual pleasure is disgusting. Extertal circumstanc·s are appropriated to no inherent dignity of character, and are, often, the means of debasing it. But religious and moral enjoyments are the peculiar privileges of the wise and good, who are not excluded from their share of worldly possessions, and can enjoy them with the highes relish. Still, should these be withheld, supported by their internal resources, by conscious integrity, by the exhilarating sense of the divine favor, and by the glorious prospect of a blessed immortality, the piously wise must, even in adversity and affliction, be possessed of a more abundant store of happiness than can belong to the impious and wicked, placed on the summit of power, basking in the sunshine of prosperity, and resounding the loudest strains of dissolute mirth. Like a rock towering above the deep, the man of piety and virtue beholds the storms of calamity roar around him, without shaking his resolution or impairing his strength. When the tempest assails those of a contrary character, they are tossed, like the sand, from surge to surge, and, when the calm returns, sink under the weight of their own depravity!

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

FROM THE REV. MR. GRAVES' SENILITIES.

I sometimes meet a man so stately in his deportment, so haughty in his look, with such an air of defiance in his whole manner, that I shrink from his appearance, and feel myself annihilated in his presence. Yet, on recovering from my dismay, and reflecting on the *limited* power and capacity of every human being, I find, probably, on inquiry, the real character of this illustrious personage: that his pompous air conceals a mean spirit, and that the solemn countenance is only a veil for his ignorance and insignificance.

Such are many of those colossal figures who seem to "bestride the world, and under whose legs, as it were, we petty mortals must *peep about*," to find a loop-hole to pass by them, without being crushed against the wall, or jostled into the kennel.

One man, whom I have met, perhaps, at a third place, assumes a reserved and distant air, lest I should claim him as an acquaintance. Another man, with eyes fixed, looks strait forwards, and though our elbows almost touch, seems unconscious that any one is near him, or at least worth his notice.

A third is near-sighted, and though we have met, perhaps, on various occasions, has not the honor to recollect my name. All these are different stratagems of pride and self-importance, which, though not reducible to the precise rules of quarrelling, "like the lie direct," and for which we can call a man to account; yet may and ought to be resented, or rather treated with the contempt which they deserve.

I remember a stout fellow with a most terrific countenance, who, if he met a man strutting along in sublime contemplation of his own importance, and a sovereign contempt of all around him, he would on a sudden, run up to him, turn his large white eyes upon him, and cry, *Boh!* This, it may be supposed, often involved him in a scuffle, or rough encounter; but generally raised a laugh, at the expence of the haughty despot.

A proud look is an insult on the public. Pride was not made for man: nor for woman neither.

::

April is much like a pretty woman, being full of sweets, and having both tears and smiles at command.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day. The reason is, that people can commend without envy.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE RUINS.

BY SELLECK OSBORNE.

I've seen, in twilight's pensive hour,
The moss-clad dome, the mould'ring tow'r,
In awful ruin stand—
That dome where grateful voices sung,
That tower whose chiming music rung,
Majestically grand!

I've seen mid sculptur'd pride, the tomb
Where heroes slept in silent gloom,
Unconscious of their fame—
Those who with laurel'd honours crown'd,
Among their foes spread terror round,
And gain'd—an empty name!

I've seen in death's dark palace laid,
The ruins of a beauteous maid,
Cadaverous and pale!
That maiden, who, while life remain'd,
O'er rival charms in triumph reign'd
The mistress of the vale.

I've seen, where dungeon damps abide
A youth, admir'd in manhood's pride,
In fancied greatness rave:
He, who in REASON's happier day,
Was virtuous, witty, noble, gay,
Learn'd, generous and brave.

Nor dome, nor tow'r, in twilight shade,
Nor hero fall'n, nor beauteous maid,
To RUIN all consign'd!
Can with such *pathos* touch my breast,
As (on the maniac's form imprest)
THE RUINS OF A NOBLE MIND!

CATHARINE.

BY WM. HOLLOWAY.

The moon was up—her lucid light
Slept peaceful on the broad cool main;
No sweeping cloud with envious flight,
Drew o'er the skies its vapoury train;

When Cath'rine on the silent strand,
In sable weeds was seen to stray;
And frequent, with her lily hand,
She wip'd the trickling tear away;

For Edmund, ere his tall brig sail'd,
Had bade his maid forbear to mourn;
And vow'd if aught his prayr's avail'd,
To make her blest at his return.

But since that inauspicious day,
Full many a storm its rage had spent;
And Ocean, with relentless sway,
His thousands to the bottom sent!

Each languid hope had now expir'd,
That long her drooping heart deceiv'd:
And, as each rolling wave retir'd,
In unison her bosom heav'd.

More fresh the breeze began to blow;
The shadowy cliff return'd its sigh;
When, gliding round the point below,
The dark boat caught her ling'ring eye.

Afar she saw the dripping oar,
Quick glancing to the lunar beam;
And gaining fast upon the shore,
Beheld the rippling waters gleam.

While, thro' the stillness of the skies,
The clamors of the jovial crew,
In floating strains were heard to rise,
Her Edmund's welcome voice she knew.

She flies! she hails him to the shore!
Of constancy she claims the meed,
In sable weeds she mourns no more,
But Cath'rine now is blest indeed!

THE ROSE.

BY MR. FOX.

The Rose, the sweetly blooming Rose,
Ere from the tree it's torn;
Is like the charms which beauty shews,
In life's exulting morn.

But ah! how soon its sweets are gone,
How soon it withering lies!
So when the eve of life comes on,
Sweet beauty fades and dies.

Then since the fairest form that's made,
Soon withering we shall find;
Let each possess what *ne'er* will fade—
The beauty of the mind.

THE TEST.

Young Philo let a snowy ball,
One chilly winter's day,
Into his Nancy's tucker fall,
Which on her bosom lay.
He soon disclos'd the playful jest,
And told her 'twas his heart,
Which he had thrown upon her breast
His passion to impart.
Her modest cheek a blush confest!
She says, "'tis no decoy;
'Dear sir, it found a warmer nest,
'And MELTED with the joy.'

COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE VISITANT.

A LOVE-LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY.

He.	one,	me;	same,	She.	one,	he;	one,
only	only	unto	the	only	only	only	only
are	but	you	for	are	but	am	but
you	love	say	me	you	loves	I	is
and	I	and	requite	and	that	and	there

QUESTION.

What of all things in the world is the longest, the shortest, the most divisable and the most extended, the most neglected and the most regretted, without which nothing can be done, which devours all that is little, and enlivens all that is great?

CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S ORIGIN.

Greatly distinguish'd is your noble line,
Ye sweepers spring from pedigree divine!
Your ancient ancestor, whose name was Smut,
Work'd at the forge with Vulcan in his hut:
Once as the limping God was hammering out,
Those tongs that pinch'd the Devil by the snout;
Smut chanc'd to jest upon his aukward frame,
Which chaf'd the bickering blacksmith into flame,
He hurl'd the hammer at the tinker's head,
Which sure had laid him on the pavements dead;
But Smut was nimble, and to shun the stroke
Sheer'd, up the Chimney went, like wreaths of Smoke;
Happy to find so snug a hole to creep in,
And ever since he took to chimney-sweeping.

F——

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Mr. Solomon Varney, of Salem, to Miss Esther Buxton, of Danvers. Mr. William Lefavor, to Miss Sarah Low. Mr. James Cliff, to Miss Mary Masury.

DEATHS.

In Washington, Gen. James Jackson, of the U. S. Senate, from Georgia.
In Cambridge, Mr. Stephen Palmer, aged 88.
In Hamilton, Miss Hannah Brown, aged 38.
In Boxford, Rev. Eleazer Holyoke, aged 74.
In Boston, Hon. Joseph Gardner, aged 92.
In Danvers, Mrs. Mary Ingersoll, wife of Mr. Jonathan Ingersoll, aged 47.
In this town, Miss Sarah Palfray, aged 28. Widow Mary Mansfield. Mr. Nehemiah Fuller, aged 25. Mr. Nathaniel Sibley. Mrs. Rutl Felton, wife of Mr. James Felton.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret that we did not receive "Barca" in season for this number.

"Acrab" shall appear in our next.

We could have wished that "Hirax" had been less liberal of epithet. Argument and invective are not nearly allied.

The Lines in "Answer to a Friend asking what God was," are not sufficiently elevated for the subject.

PUBLISHED BY HAVEN POOL.